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The Violin and Violoncello.

BY MISS E. A. STARR.

O tender Viols, that with more than touch
Of mortal pathos haunt my memory still,
It is no trick of art or cunning skill
That starts my tears and moves my heart to such
A plaintive sweetness; as if life so much
Of joy had known the brimming cup must spill,
And thus send heavenward, in a shining ill,
The joys too sacred for this world to clutch.
No wonder that those pious artists old
In angel hands my favorite viols place;
The calm cheek touching, with a blissful grace,
The instrument, whose harmonies unfold
A love no mortal lip has ever told—
The Seraph's spark, which fires our human race.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ad Ultimum.

Yes, I can wait—although about my heart
The serpent-coils grow closer every hour,
And keen despair, relentless in its power,
Drive through my spirit like a fiery dart.
I will endure, though nerve and sinew start;
I will arise, although the darkness lower
Across my pathway, and my soul shall tower
To reach thy face, though life and death bear part
To bind me down. And there shall come a day,
My soul's requital, when, though fierce the fray,
I shall have struggled up, through toil and wrong,
To stand before you, patient, steadfast, strong,
And in your calm eye-depths to read my fate,
Eternal joy!—Beloved, I can wait.

A. A. C.

The Present State of Music.

(Continued from page 106.)

(Translated for this Journal from Marx's "Music of the Nineteenth Century.")

Such is the Opera of the Present. It is peculiar to the time, and a necessity thereof. It fills every stage; consumes the marrow of all theatres; compels them all to the most unlimited outlay, and in order to hold up under it appeals to popular appetite as well as to princely subvention; goads and teases the contractors into every means of attraction and excitement; digs up things buried in oblivion; sets its Flotows to work garnishing Suabian love-songs with mouldy Fioravanti finery boiled over; pours an endless whirl and confusion into the ears, and jumbles together all times and nations and kinds, the shallowest with the deepest, truth and falsehood, poetic invention and vulgar commonplace. It is hard, if not impossible, for the composer, if he bear something nobler in his mind, to evade the claims to which the opera public has become accustomed. Powerful orchestral means, massive choruses, extravagance of diction, pompous outfit, a morbid craving for outward novelty: these, as matters stand, have become the conditions of success; and success is, on the stage more than anywhere, the condition of effective labor; non-

success, whether deserved or not, is easily decisive of the question of life or death.

It is easily conceivable, therefore, that musicians were found ready for a direction which seemed to promise a more chaste expenditure of their art. It was in Berlin that the restoration of Greek tragedies was first tried with the support of music; *Antigone* was the first attempt, and Mendelssohn the composer. It is equally well known that this work won great respect in and out of Germany, nay that it was many times greeted with admiration as a step towards a higher future. If our music would ever admit of being wedded to the antique Tragedy at all, it could not, essentially, have been better done than it was by Mendelssohn; the repose and reserve of the Sophoclean poetry, as contrasted with the stormier passion and more heavy and decided tread of the drama of Aeschylus, must have suited his temperament peculiarly. For the proper might and lofty grandeur of the Drama was not given to himself; indeed it was quite contradictory to his finely reserved, more sympathetic than originally creative nature. This is proved by the dramatic tasks to which he set himself: the *Loreley*, which he wrote with Geibel; the *Tempest*, which he once wanted to write with Immermann; the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Marriage of Camacho*.

But, apart from every personality, the restoration of the Greek Tragedy, especially the *Antigone*—hailed with whatever professional glee by the philologists, and however admired by "cultivated society" so eager, in its *blasé* state, for something new and classical, something suited as it were to its nobility of birth and intellect—was an undertaking foreign to the present time and life. We can (and who would willingly forego the pleasure?) read the ancients for ourselves, and our imagination can dream itself, more or less lively, into their existence and its leading thoughts and principles; where this fails, we have knowledge and understanding to skip what is strange and foreign to our mode of being, and secure the enjoyment of what is accessible. Thus over the silent book of the poet we are delighted with the charming sports of the elves that "creep into acorn cups and hide them there;" the dreamy fancy "swifter than the moon's sphere" is drawn into their dances, although for us (Germans) they have not even the reality of a live popular legend. But it is another thing when the stage undertakes to bring back this long drained life in palpable downright actuality. No longer then does imagination, like a kindly mediator, convince us; the corporeal eye sees what is corporeal, and the understanding peremptorily demands and sees reality wherever it is present bodily, and allows of sympathy only so far as we recognize in that reality our own, the contents of our own life. Here already we are unable to follow the old poet. The power of morality and law stands eternal, but the forms thereof in *Antigone* are foreign to our life. That the burial of a legitimate king's son should be forbidden on

penalty of death and this be recognized as law; that at the same time burial should be regarded as essential to the final welfare of the soul of the slain, and that the sister should be driven by the ties of blood and custom to violation of the law and to her own death: all this is so strange to us, that we can only sympathize with the understanding, not with the incredulous feeling. How can music be awakened there, true music of the whole soul stirred to its inmost depths? And how shall it take root and blossom in the diction of the Greek, which is almost entirely given up to outward intuition and reflection? It would have to deny the fulness of its own meaning, the power and nature of its own being as it has for centuries unfolded itself for and out of our being; it would have to give itself up to declamation, have to become strictly and purely *recitative* (as the Greek music was essentially), and thereby would become intolerable to us.

Mendelssohn with a fine feeling avoided this wrong way, as well as the other, which consisted in lavishing upon the task the full powers of our music, and would have utterly torn to pieces and drowned the poet out of sight. Here he was prudent and circumspect enough to make Gluck's style his model; this may with reason be asserted, if we will consider how widely the *Antigone* departs from his way of writing elsewhere and how near it stands to Gluck. That the depth and truthfulness of Gluck could not be reached, lay by no means merely in the smaller endowment of his follower in regard to the original type, but above all in the problem in hand. Gluck chose poems which stand almost entirely upon musical ground and are suitable, nay favorable for musical treatment even to the smallest details; the very opposite must be said of the ancient tragedy. Even the connection of the words, that first law for declamation, had occasionally to be sacrificed, since the inevitable rhythm of the Greek by no means everywhere observes the endings of the verbal sense; but the music had to accommodate itself and round itself off to the rhythmical endings. What was attainable under such circumstances: Declamation and, still more, scansion, developed as far as possible into melody corresponding with the mood of the scene and, if possible, also the striking expression of the moment—that Mendelssohn has reached with insight, tact and great talent. But to the ancient poet he has been able to do no more justice than lay within the power of our music altogether; and this our Art he has degraded, inasmuch as he has used it for exploits in which it had not only to limit its nature but to involve itself in untruthfulness. What right have we Germans to reproach a luxurious Rossini, or any other light-blooded singer, with untruth and infidelity towards the poet (as we have always been ready enough to do), if we practice or permit the same against a Sophocles, just because we take a fancy to draw him into our un-Grecian Cymmerian darkness, to fill up our vacant hours and hearts upon our worn out stage? How much

manlier and more honest was that first attempt, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, to revive the ancient Tragedy in imitations! The plan could not be realized; but it grew out of the artistic necessities of that time and a fresh love for the antique, naive and innocent, without touching the unapproachable. If just that goal could not be reached, still the attempt led to the creation of the Opera. to Gluck's high-souled images; it became the foundation for whatever true and vital production is possible in this domain. . . .

III. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

The third broad field is that of pure instrumental music. We need only allude to what we possess of works by Bach and men of his time, and from Haydn to Beethoven, for orchestra and solo, organ and piano. . . . In the greatest form, the Symphony, what our more recent masters have created has found recognition everywhere. In Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Gade, and many older and younger writers, the Symphony has had a most refreshing after-growth. The same is the well-known fact with regard to Quartet and Piano music: for the latter the names of Chopin and Liszt are the most noteworthy.

Among the Symphonists since Beethoven, must be named first of all HECTOR BERLIOZ. What first attracts our attention here (postponing for the present any appreciation of the spiritual direction of his symphonic works), is the formation of his Orchestra. One must read in his "*Cours d'Instrumentation*," a work distinguished for its complete technical insight and its poetic knowledge in many particulars, and in his other writings, how he thinks to build up his orchestra. This host of instruments, these choirs of great and little flutes and wind instruments of all kinds, these variously subdivided stringed instruments, these harps and pianos, these masses of brass and drums and cymbals: all this affords the broadest, fullest sonority, whole series of new mixtures of sound, new tone-colors, unheard of effects—and in fact Berlioz has invented such in the richest abundance and employed them often and most thoughtfully in his compositions; but the spiritual life of the orchestra, that poetry and dramatic quality which rests upon the individualizing of the parts (voices), upon clear discrimination of characters and the carrying of those characters through with certainty, must be narrowed and crowded, nay stifled in such masses.

This point is of more consequence for the music of the present than the creations of the genial Frenchman themselves, however high we may set their worth. For the new expansion of the orchestra has intruded everywhere, especially into the Opera, and has everywhere manifested its influence, an influence of the most questionable sort. It has formed itself gradually and with no preconceived plan; Berlioz is not the founder, but rather the finisher, the intelligence of this movement, to which the most important and—if you once admit the principle—the most intellectual accessions have been MEYERBEER and WAGNER.

The first thing to be remarked in the new orchestration is the great increase of the kinds of instruments, particularly the wind band, involving a corresponding increase of numbers in the string department. Hence in Opera and Cantata we have a mass of sonority opposed to the singing

voices, now driving them up into their highest tones with an exaggerated accentuation, now overpowering and stifling the voices and even urging the chorus to violent outbursts, while it moves the composer to an unfavorable choice of instruments if a solo is to make its way through. Thus Meyerbeer, in a funeral or a love song in G minor (I think in *Robert le Diable*) has used the trumpet for pathetic *Cantilena*; similar things could be pointed out in Auber and others.

The second point is the emasculation of the trumpet and the French-horn (and they have even taken hold of the trombone) by the introduction of valves. The moment you cease to regard truth, that moment the characteristic becomes unrecognizable or unendurable; for character is the completeness of a nature in itself and in its truth to itself; it can work and avail through nothing else but just what it is itself. Now characters of the most fixed stamp in the ranks of tone-personifications are the heroic trumpet, the dreamy horn in its native state. Even the imperfection and limitation of its scale of tones is peculiar to its nature and character; Achilles with the cunning and eloquence of Ulysses were no more Achilles; the trusty mountaineer cannot have the many-sidedness of the polished, narrow-breasted man of the city; just as little can the trumpet use the clarinet's multitude of tones, or the horn the serviceable pliancy of the bassoon. The character of these instruments, the very limitation of their number of tones, has always challenged the appreciative composer to invent characteristic passages, and often has rewarded his fidelity with most felicitous and genial turns. By the mere fact of drawing these native characters out of their proper sphere of tones, of trying to transform their naive individuality into a cosmopolitan universality, composers have ensnared themselves in miserable halfness and falseness. The use of valves has to be sure enlarged the domain of tone; but the new tones are in part impure, the characteristic purity of tone-color is utterly dimmed and tarnished, the power of sound entirely broken.

The third point is the introduction of the so-called *soft brass* instruments—the cornets, sax-horns, tubas, and what not—into the orchestra.

By no means would we here declare war against newly invented instruments, or ancient instruments restored; that would ill become me, who have found one of them at least (the chromatic tenor horn, in my "*Moses*") indispensable. Because our masters, Beethoven included, have done great things without them, it does not follow that we should despise means which they could not employ, because they did not know them,—just as little as they clung to the yet more limited means of Bach and Handel. Some of the new instruments have already found truly artistic use (for instance, the bass clarinet in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, which could hardly be replaced by any other means); others may yet acquire, who knows how soon or where, an equal significance; even the use of them by whole choirs together may somewhere become necessary. Every means may possibly be fit and indispensable for some artistic moment,—and then it is the right means. Nevertheless the use of this new band of brass, as now in vogue, must appear questionable, nay generally pernicious. For, taken together with the addition of valves to horns and trumpets, it extinguishes the characteristic

features of the orchestral form until we cease to know them. And that weighs more in the scale, than the favoring of single moments.

The stringed quartet and the wind band (the latter divided into the brass: horns, trumpets, trombones and cymbals, and the reed band, or instruments of wood): these in the old orchestra formed decided contrasts. Splendor, power, martial summons, high solemnity lay in the trumpets and trombones; every group and every instrument had its well distinguished character. Did you wish the contrast softened, done away: the French-horns of themselves came in between the stern brass band and the reeds; the sharp insight of the composer found in the covering of harsh voices by milder ones, in veiling them by accessory ones, in a hundred turns, always new and even genial means, which stimulated his own mind and that of the hearer more than any mere material addition can.

And now came in the choir of cornets and tubas. They speak to the eye already by their very shape. Their conically expanded speaking-trumpet-like bodies, intestinally twined, interrupted and checked in their vibration by the weight of cast metal valves, indicate a sound now hemmed in and now breaking right out, a dull and yet a violent sound, just as the form of trumpets, trombones and horns indicates their sonorous character. This choir, above all, by its ambiguous, hermaphroditic quality of tone, weakens the contrast between brass and reeds. The cornets, which are not horns and not clarinets and yet resemble both (as if the painter would bring together in forced union blue, green and yellow), the larger tubas, half trombone and half horn in their nature, but neither one entirely,—add to which the choking and dulling of the horns and trumpets: all this veils and smothers the sharp outline of characters, causes the significant differences of the orchestra to run together into one common characterless mass (sometimes reminding one of Goethe's ("*Getreter Quark wird breit nicht stark*") and enhances merely the fullness, not the strength of sound. The drawn sword is mighty; in the sheath it is thicker and heavier, but has lost its victorious edge.

(To be Continued.)

The Abbe Liszt in Hungary.

(From the London Musical World.)

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pesth-Ofen Conservatory, at which the Abbé Liszt produced his last work, has created quite a sensation among musicians and musical amateurs in Germany, and the papers, both musical and political, devote a considerable space to the description and discussion of it. We extract the following from the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*:

"The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Conservatory, which commenced on the 15th August, has found a most lively response not only in the more restricted circles of professional men, but thanks to the system of political reciprocity now obtaining, in the widest general ones. In addition to this, we have probably for the very first time the fact of a musical festival got up on the grandest scale having a specifically Hungarian character. With the exception of Mendelssohn's "*Festgesang an die Künstler*" in the vocal, and some unimportant pieces in the instrumental part, the works performed are by composers who are all native Hungarians; all the compositions treat of national subjects; and all the performers, with the sole exception, perhaps, of Herr von Bülow, are, likewise, natives of Hungary. The central point of the Festival was, as we have already announced, the production of the oratorio *St. Elizabeth*, words by Otto Roquette and music by the Abbé Liszt. A most culpable act of neglect, as regards both the

Festival and the composer, was committed by the musical managers, in as much as they did not begin studying the work earlier with the musicians engaged in it. This, however, was not deemed necessary; nay, still worse, no precautions had been taken to see that the orchestral parts tallied properly with the score, and thus a large portion of the wearisome rehearsals had to be devoted to correcting the separate parts; this, of course, acted prejudicially on the real object for which the rehearsals were held. The result was that the general rehearsal lasted from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and we owe completely to Liszt's energy and indefatigable zeal that the performance did not turn out an utter failure for among the performers, comprising about five hundred local instrumentalists and singers, the majority were amateurs."

Speaking of the performance of the oratorio, the *Wiener Abendpost* says:

"With regard to the execution, it was far from perfect; the orchestra especially was so inhuman as to leave us completely in the dark as to some, perhaps, of the finest passages; the whole arrangement, too, particularly the position of the orchestra, was a mistake; directly the chorus began, nothing was heard of the violins, indeed the latter were, generally speaking, far too feebly represented in comparison with the double-basses and wind-instruments; how many wrong notes, and how much playing out of tune we heard we will not stop to specify. The chorus had studied their parts well, and even Liszt is said to have expressed his satisfaction at the fact."

The concert commenced with a hymn from *Dózsa György*, the last opera from the pen of Franz Erkel, the Nestor of Hungarian composers. Then, after a prologue written for the occasion by Gabriel Matray had been spoken, Liszt appeared, in his abbé's dress, upon the platform. Hereupon there arose from the crowd of auditors, from the whole trumpeting, fiddling, and singing mass, a tumultuous welcome that reminded one of the roaring of the angry sea. The pale-faced man, with the sharply marked features and the hair streaked with silver, bowed and bowed, evidently moved by the friendly cheering, which seemed as though it would never end; on the contrary, it broke out with greater intensity when Liszt took up the conducting-stick, destined to inspire the expectant masses with life. It was presented to him by Herr Matray, the director of the Conservatory, as a modest gift from the thankful institution; it will not be very imposing by its outward ornamentation and splendor in the midst of the large collection which Liszt possesses of similar objects, but it will not be without value in his eyes; it is made of Hungarian rose-wood, in memory of the Rose of Hungary, whom he has celebrated. We may mention that the Landgravine Elizabeth, "St. Elizabeth," of Thuringia, was the daughter of Andreas II., King of Hungary.

Alluding to the character of the music generally, the *Pesther Lloyd* expresses itself thus:

In this work, Liszt has entered upon a decidedly new path. He has here set limits for himself, and employed four distinct melodies which are introduced and carried out in the most remarkable manner; in acting thus he has abandoned the Wagnerian system of what is called endless melody, and the structure of his periods has been rendered more intelligible, without the slightest detriment to their originality. The hearer finds the necessary resting places; he is furnished with passages he can remember, and the composer is understood even by the less advanced ear. In addition to this, there is a richness of instrumental coloring spread over the whole, which prevents the attention from being wearied a single instant. This last production of Liszt's will be more popular than any other of his musical efforts, and, because melodiously more comprehensible, will render his harmonic peculiarities more pleasing. The composer himself will be convinced that as a certain metre is necessary for the poet, definite form of melody is required by the musician to impart the necessary distinctness and clearness to his inspirations. Liszt has proved that he can be new even in simple forms of melody; in proof of this, we need mention only the Chorus of Children (No. 1) and the Crusaders' Chorus (No. 3); both are instantaneously intelligible and leave behind them a well-defined impression, because they are distinctly constructed, while, at the same time, both surprise us by a strange coloring and a still stranger succession of harmonic passages. Of the richness of coloring within the means of the ar-

tist in the matter of instrumentation, we will say nothing, but we will not conceal our pleasant surprise that, on the whole, Liszt has displayed greater moderation in the scoring than even in the *Græner Messe*. In his management of the vocal parts he has everywhere restrained himself within the limits of what is possible, and even in some passages of what is easy; it is only in a few solo passages that we meet with certain of the old well-known Lisztian intonations. But the otherwise all-victorious composer has not avoided every danger. While revelling enthusiastically in certain situations, he has lost a proper appreciation of the due limits to be observed; he has not been able to tear himself away from a subject once taken up. Thus we should wish to see the *Miracle-Scene* somewhat curtailed; we would sacrifice a third of the Crusaders, and even omit the repetition of the words: "O Herr, lass Deinen Segen thauen" in the prayer of Elizabeth herself, because, in all three instances, the previous magnificent climax is weakened by the pieces being too much spun out, which is a great pity. Furthermore, it strikes us that the repetition of the harmonic movement with the *point d'orgue* for the tenor (before the chorus of the Poor, and the introduction of the Angels' voices) takes up time unnecessarily, and is, therefore, superfluous; after the highly characteristic passages for flute, representing Elizabeth's last sigh, the effect would be increased were the Angels' voices allowed to be heard at once."

The rehearsal of the second day's concert was not brought to a close till eight p.m., on the 16th, and the performance itself began at ten a.m., on the 17th. It was ushered in by a "Festival Overture," contributed by Robert Volkmann. "As a rule," observes a writer in the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, "a peculiarly unlucky star presides at the birth of compositions written for a particular occasion." This is true. The public expect something out of the common, while it is but very seldom that the composer can work himself up to the requisite degree of inspiration. Fancy will not be commanded, nor always obey the summons when invoked. Even Meyerbeer's weakest compositions were those he wrote for special occasions. In proof of this, we need merely mention his "Schiller-Marsch," his overture to *Struensee*, and his "Fackel" marches for the nuptials of various grand personages. Herr Volkmann, it appears, was unable to escape the almost general law. As a matter of course, his work gave evidence of emanating from a skilful and experienced pen, but it is far from exhibiting the talent that marks his other compositions. The same composer's *Sappho*, a scena for soprano, followed, and was exceedingly well sung by Mdle. Carina. Herr Reményi, also, had written a *pièce de circonstance*, which he called a "Hungarian Concerto for the Violin." This came next, but was not very successful, being more a rhapsody with a pleasing cadenza at the end than a concerto, Hungarian or otherwise. The first part of the concert concluded with Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus."

In the second part, Liszt treated the assembled multitude to his *Dante Symphony*. A writer in a German contemporary, in speaking of it, remarks:

"Whoever has felt what fearful mysteries Dante has unfolded in his *Divina Commedia*; whoever knows with what demoniacal fanaticism Liszt above all other men would unresistingly give himself up to them; and whoever has experienced how horrible is the power of the world of tone when completely freed from every trammel, must have awaited this *Dante Symphony* with a certain degree of apprehension. Such at least was the case with ourselves. We have composers who have endeavored to portray a hell; who have depicted pain, yearning, and hope in the most glowing colors; we can render by sound revenge, ambition, and rage that overwhelms all before it; but to fright our souls by making music convey the idea of *despair*, that passion which annihilates everything else, that was something on which no one had ventured. '*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate*!' such is the theme Liszt has chosen for the first part of his Symphony, and, Heaven knows! he works it out in the most fearful fashion. There is no resting place, no break; nothing but everlasting rhythms and chords, surging up one above the other! What avails it that, in the *Andante amoroso*, just for the moment, we catch a glimpse of a beautiful youthful picture reminding us of the magic to which we once gave ourselves up with such ecstasy? '*Lasciate ogni*

speranza!' we are again driven forth into the hideous night. Whether a composer should be pardoned for selecting such a programme for the guidance of his imagination—that is a point on which we will not give an opinion. The party who are called by their opponents '*Musicians of the Future*' insist upon definite programme for every musical composition. They require expression carried to the highest pitch; they have broken with universal human sentiments to devote themselves to special and extraordinary phases of the soul. How far they have succeeded, history must teach. Liszt and Wagner have, perhaps, not reflected that their system can be carried only up to a certain limit, unless they would be overwhelmed by chaos, where hope indeed cannot exist. Liszt is, however, original, and we accept the eccentricities of originality with the same interest as we accept what agrees with our own way of thinking. But many, who call themselves his party, are no longer original; they are a faint and bad impression, which really cannot interest us."

The concert wound up with the "Rákóczy March" orchestrally illustrated by Liszt.—On the 19th, there was a grand dinner given to Liszt in the shooting gallery. It was attended by three hundred persons.—About six thousand persons were present at the grand Vocal Festival, on the 20th August, in the "Stadtwäldchen." When Liszt made his appearance he was greeted with tumultuous cheering. Unfortunately the mode in which the singers were stationed was very unsatisfactory, the consequence being that a great deal of what they sang was inaudible to the public. In the evening, there was a grand ball in the shooting gallery.

Liszt, it is said, will return direct to Rome, where the appointment of *Capellmeister* at St. Peter's awaits him. He is still the same he was twenty years ago. The abbé's dress is merely a novelty in costume, in which he creates as great a *furor* as he formerly created in a Hungarian dolman, or a French tail-coat.

OTTO BEARD.

P. S.—Since the above was written, we have had a second performance of the oratorio *St. Elizabeth*, the audience being quite as numerous, and the applause as deafening, as at the first. Still competent judges shake their heads and decline prognosticating the same success for the work in other cities which it has achieved in Pesth. However, their opinion has not much weight with the masses. Liszt is the lion of the hour, and all he says and does, writes or composes, is indiscriminately praised. Even the ladies declare he never looked so well as in his ecclesiastical garb, and it certainly would not be astonishing if a number of sucking pianists, led away by his example, were also to receive the tonsure, or, in other words, get their heads shaved. There are many quite mad enough to justify the process.

The 29th August was a grand day for Liszt:

"Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota!"

so I will endeavor to give the readers of the Musical World some idea of what took place on the occasion. Firstly there was a concert given by the Abbé, in the Grand Redoutensaal, for charitable purposes. The programme was made up exclusively of works by the concert-giver. Here is a list of them: "Ave Maria," and "Cantique d'Amour" for Pianoforte; Fantaisie for Violin on Lenau's poem: "Die drei Zigeuner" (played by Herr Reményi); two Legends: "Die Vogelpredigt des heiligen Franciscus von Assisi," and "Der heilige Franciscus von Paolo auf den Wellen" (Poems for the Piano); Hungarian Rhapsody for Violin and Pianoforte (Violin: Herr Reményi); Hungarian Rhapsody for two Pianos (second piano: Herr Hans von Bülow), and the Rákóczy March played by Liszt himself. The room was positively crammed to suffocation, places of all kinds fetching fancy prices. The proceeds of the concert amounted to 5,080 florins, which Liszt divided as follows: towards building the Leopoldstadt Church, 2,000 florins; to the Association for Assisting Authors, 500 florins; to the Association for Assisting Musicians, 500 florins; to the Infant School, 200 florins; to the Josephinum, 300 florins; to the Sisters of Charity, 300 florins; to the Institution for the Blind, 200 florins; to the "Gesellenverein," 200

florins; to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, 300 florins; to the Israelitish Infirmary, 200 florins; to the Franciscan Order, 200 florins; and in alms to various poor persons, 80 florins! Bravo, Franz Liszt! A noble act of charity, enhanced by the liberal spirit manifested in the distribution of the money without distinction of creed, among Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. You may have assumed the Abbé's *soutane*, but you have preserved a heart free from narrow-minded bigotry beneath it.

In the evening, a select party was invited to meet Liszt at the "Stadtparrei," or residence of the priest attached to the principal parish-church in the town. There was an interesting concert, in which Herren Liszt, Reményi, Hans von Bülow and Madlle. Dumca took part. After the concert, Herr Ludwig Meszlenyi, Secretary to the Prince Primate, presented in the name of that dignitary, a handsome pyramid in silver filigree work to Liszt, and a rich bouquet-holder, adorned with gems, also from the Prince Primate, to Madame von Bülow, Liszt's daughter. On one side of the pyramid there is an enamel portrait of St. Francesco di Assisi, and, in front, the inscription: "Francesco Liszt."

At the opening of the German Theatre, on the 1st inst., under the direction of the new manager, Herr d'Arronge, the orchestra performed the overture to *König Stephan*, composed by Beethoven in 1812, for the opening of the theatre which was afterwards destroyed by fire.

Liszt's Oratorio.

The following is a short synopsis of Liszt's oratorio *St. Elizabeth*, which the N. Y. *Weekly Review* translates from the *Dresdener Journal*. In the first part the arrival of Elizabeth from Hungary is described. She as well as her intended husband, Landgraf Ludwig, are in the beginning of their youth. The little bride is greeted by the chorus, and embraced by the father of Ludwig, Landgraf Hermann, and is delivered to him by a Hungarian magnate. Ludwig shows her the country, which will belong to her, and both associate with a party of children, who welcome them with a merry song. In the next scene both are grown up and married. Ludwig is the regent of the country; he comes home from hunting, and sings a merry hunting song. At this moment he sees a person going down the path from the castle through the green bushes. He recognizes Elizabeth, who is frightened when he calls her. "Why are you frightened and embarrassed?" he asks. She does not want to answer, since she knows that the Landgraf has forbidden her to do what she is just doing, to wit, to carry food to the poor. He wants to see what she carries under her cloak, and opens the cloak, when the food has been changed by a miracle into roses. At the same time a halo of glory surrounds the head of Elizabeth, and the angels sing a chorus of jubilation: "The Lord has done a miracle!" The next scene is laid several years later. The Landgraf takes leave of his wife, because he has to go to the holy land on a crusade. The expressions of sorrow on the part of Elizabeth are drowned in the warlike songs of the warriors and knights. Then follows a scene, in which the mother of the Landgraf, a hard-hearted woman, informs his vassals that her son had fallen in the crusade, and that she is the lawful heir to the crown. She orders the "seneschal" to drive Elizabeth and her children from the country, when in the same moment these enter crying and sobbing. She had come to find consolation, but she is ordered to leave forthwith. She prays in vain to be allowed to stay a little longer, since a thunderstorm is threatening; she is expelled. But now comes the punishment. The thunderstorm commences and rages, the castle is struck by lightning and burnt down. In the last part Elizabeth is at the end of her days. Although her children have been stolen from her, she praises God for his mercy, and lives in pious exercises in a hut. The poor come to her and pray to her as a saint. She offers them her cloak and her last piece of bread. Soon she is freed from earthly sorrows. Death approaches her, while the angels greet the ascension of her soul to heaven. The last part consists of the funeral of the saint.

The Art of Ballad-Writing.

[SECOND PAPER.]

In No. 57 of this Journal,* we took the liberty with the age's Balladism of dividing it into certain schools or genres, and attempted to give our readers an in-

* London Orchestra. We copied the First Paper nearly a year ago.

sight into the art and fashion of manufacturing a Ballad of the first or Wardour-street school. It is an interesting study, as interesting as chemical analysis, and occasionally productive of as curious results. As new stars arise from nebulae previously undiscovered, so a new school of the Balladeers may any day spring into existence and add to the collection. A successful song composed on an unused subject immediately creates a new school, violently anxious to perpetuate the success of its founder. Miss Eliza Cook's mother's "Old Arm Chair" started into existence the miscellaneous articles of furniture which compose the creed of Wardour-street, and we may see how a poetical perception of the flight of time—of the beauties of seed-time and harvest, of the tender gloaming, the rounded moon, "the twilight melting into morn," has produced the morbidly analytical writers who form the Second or

HOROLOGICAL SCHOOL.

The subjective impulse which makes poets take different periods of the day and year, and give forth their thoughts on spring and winter, on morning and evening, and paint the beauties of either, was natural and true. The sensations aroused by the seasons are among the most vivid of our nature, and are those which most powerfully influence poetic minds. In course of time it was also natural that these subjects should be exhausted and should be repeated over and over again. When Moore wrote his "Watchman," and divided the night into periods flying fleet over the heads of parting lovers, it was a beautiful and poetic idea, as well as a step beyond generalization.

"Past one o'clock—nay! wrap this cloak about thee:" our readers will remember the song and its exquisite beauty. Then Dibden, in his own vigorous style, imagined a sailor's logbook, in which the different watches bring their different action; and the idea, though less tender than Moore's, was manly and good in its way. But in these latter times lo! a school, which divides and subdivides the clock, and so squeezes time that all the poetry is driven out of it, and the remaining idea is as commonplace as the quarters on the face of an old Dutch timepiece.

To cite two examples will serve to illustrate the Horological School: there is a song, called, "Five o'clock in the morning," by Claribel; and there is another, "Eight o'clock," by Macfarren. Of the dissection of the twenty-four hours for pianoforte purposes by Mr. Brinley Richards we do not speak; firstly because we are writing on ballads, and secondly because Mr. Brinley Richards is content to Warble at Morn or Eve or Noon generally, and does not time his Warblings by his watch; and this does not overstep poetry. Nor do we speak of the charming effusion sung by Mr. Randall, entitled, "Two in the morning," for to battle war with music halls being rather paltry warfare, we prefer leaving that to the Archbishop of York at any odd time. We deal only with ballad-writers properly so called, and their *modus operandi*.

Now the Horological School have usually one plot, which they share with each other on Apostolic principles. It is usually an arch plot—desperately arch. It has a village stile in it and a village maiden who is loitering by the stile; the maiden is arch, and it's five o'clock in the morning. And a young gentleman, who has got up that day (very arch) out of bed, takes a stroll at five o'clock in the morning. And he meets the young maiden (in a spasmodically arch manner), and he asks her—you know what—at five o'clock in the morning. And she says—of course she says Yes: they always do—at five o'clock in the morning. Then they are married at the same uncomfortable hour—hand down their name, die, get buried, at 5 A.M.; to which period all events through life are referable.

Let us add to the collection of the Horological School by our own mite. We shall call it—say "Three Thirty-seven A. M.;" and will endeavor to keep it innocent-arch and cunning-simple. And here it is:—

I.

One morn as the dew lay in pearls
Young Robin he strolled on the lea;
And Katie was shaking her curls
At the very same moment, you see.
The pathway was not very wide,
But what did that matter to them?
He gazed; she blushed softly; they sighed;
It was Three Thirty-Seven A.M.

II.

Now Robin had always averred
"In love with sweet Katie I am."
And Katie had even preferred
Her Robin to gooseberry jam.
So when he tried one soft caress,
While dewdrops encircled each stem,

The maiden's voice whispered but yes—
At Three Thirty-Seven A. M.

Usually a balladeer is satisfied with conceiving two verses, after which the mind naturally becomes exhausted; but as comic drawing-room songs usually add to the attribute of boring you by their silliness that of boring you by their length, we can suppose another verse, which, still regarding happiness from a horological point of view, proceeds thus:—

III.

They now share the nestest of cots
With a dresser, a coalbox, a fire;
There are Robins and Kates in lots
Who play round the boots of their sire.
Their bliss has no earthly alloy,
And who shall their wisdom condemn,
If the whole house sing peans of joy
At Three Thirty-Seven A. M.?

Music Abroad.

England.

GLoucester Festival.—The Triennial Festival of the three Choirs (of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford) began in Gloucester Cathedral on Tuesday morning, Sept. 5. The principal singers were Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Julia Elton, Dr. Gunz (tenor), Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Santley (baritone). Mme. Arabella Goddard, as solo pianiste, took part in the concerts. The orchestra numbered about 70 instruments—26 violins, 8 tenors, 8 cellos, 7 double basses, &c., and the whole number of performers was about 300. Complaint is made that the Bishop turned a cold shoulder on the Festival, locked up his palace and went off, although he appeared in the list of honorary vice-presidents.

First Day. Service, with sermon, until one o'clock. Then Oratorios:—*St. Paul* (Part I), and Spohr's "Last Judgment." Some of the musical papers complain bitterly about the curtailment of *St. Paul*; others ridicule them, and about this they quarrel, and about the merits of Spohr. Tietjens, they say, brought tears into the eyes by her singing of the air "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" and Santley sang magnificently. Cummings, the tenor, hardly comforted the English audience for the absence of their idol, Reeves. The choruses are highly praised. The *Musical World* says: "The whole performance of Spohr's work afforded unqualified satisfaction." But the *Orchestra* says:

It was, we think, with appropriate taste that the "Last Judgment" was placed after the "Saint Paul," both for numerical and musical reasons. The contrast was great, and produced a proportionate effect for both. The solo singers were Misses Louisa Pyne and Julia Elton, Dr. Gunz, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Of these it is sufficient to point out Miss Pyne as admirable throughout, Miss Elton as shortcoming in oratorio, and the German Doctor as Germanic, doctoral, guttural, and indistinct. Mr. Thomas put some energy into "Thus saith the Lord" and was rewarded by success. In the conducting of this work Dr. Wesley would have achieved some extraordinary effects if the band and chorus had minded him much. Even as it was, he contrived to throw them out here and there and to retard the time throughout.

Of the evening concert, with its long miscellaneous programme, the same journal says:

There are few attenders of the commonest matinees who have not heard most of the above *ad nauseam*: the overture to "William Tell" and the "Bacio" we leave to the boarding-schools, and "The Harp that once" is at the present time whistled by every London gamin as a component of that immortal negro air "The Pull-back." That which pleased greatly was Mme. Goddard's solo in the accompanied Choral Fantasia, and that narrowly missed a chance of being spoiled (*malgré* the wonderful execution of the pianist) by the preponderance of the chorus over the band and the inefficiency of the conductor. We sympathize with Mme. Goddard and congratulate her on emerging so brilliantly from difficulties so great. The encores in the concert were

confined to the second part; The "Bacio," the "Tara Harp" and *Figaro's* song were bisse. Mme. Rudersdorff acquitted herself well in Abt's "Ever thine," in which we preferred her to her aria "Par-to," in Mozart's "Tito."

Second Day. We copy the *Orchestra* again, for brevity.

A very long morning of Music—from half-past eleven to four—was that of Wednesday. The weather again was lovely, a beautiful morning succeeding a cloudless moonlight night. Before eleven o'clock the Cathedral was well filled. The performance was a *Mischmasch*—Mendelssohn, Spohr, Handel, Rossini, Haydn, Gounod and Wesley. It opened with the orchestral movements in the "Lobgesang," excellently performed, and followed by the chorus: "All men, all things" (magnificent in a cathedral), and the solo sustained by Mme. Rudersdorff with semi-chorus, "Praise thou the Lord." Next came what has been ignorantly called an air from Handel's "Redemption." Handel never wrote a "Redemption;" "He layeth the beams" is an old secular air of his to which sacred words have been put, and it is a bitter satire on those analytical critics who are forever grubbing into a composer's dead mind to find what was in it when he wrote this or that, that these exquisitely sacred melodies should often have been first put to words of entirely different character. Spohr's "Crucifixion," furnished a trio for Miss Pyne, Miss E. Wilkinson, and Miss Julia Elton; in the *Cujus Animam* came guttural Dr. Gunz, fighting hard and more successfully this time; next Mme. Rudersdorff finely in the "Inflammatus," with chorus; then Mlle. Tietjens magnificently singing "With verdure clad;" and Mr. Santley, as every one may imagine Santley, singing Gounod's air "Nazareth," led to an abominably executed motet of the late Samuel Wesley for double chorus, "In exitu Israel." Another air from Miss Pyne, "Holy, Holy" and the programme finished with an anthem by Dr. Wesley, "Ascribe unto the Lord," which went well, and displayed the clever composing talent of Dr. Wesley. It is written in G major, opening with a chorus, succeeded by a quartet for four female voices, a descriptive chorus and a chorus finale; and the singing of Mesdames Tietjens, Pyne, Elton, and Wilkinson produced an excellent effect. In the second part Dr. Wesley (after luncheon) came forward in an instrumental capacity and played with masterly execution, a solo on Mr. Willis's organ, Bach's pedal fugue in E flat, No. 9, otherwise "St. Anne." The effect was imposing. If Dr. Wesley could manage festivals as well as he plays the organ much acrimony might be spared him. To that succeeded the following programme, and the performance lasted till four o'clock, by which time even the greatest *fanatici* had had enough. Chorus, "Requiem eternam;" Solo, Mlle. Tietjens, "Te decet hymnus;" Chorus, "Exaudi orationem meam;" "Kyrie Eleison," "Dies iræ;" Quartet, Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Julia Elton, Herr Gunz, and Mr. Santley, "Tuba mirum spargens sonum;" Chorus, "Rex tremendæ majestatis!" Quartet, Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Julia Elton, Herr Gunz, and Mr. Santley, "Recordare Jesu pie;" Chorus with Soli, "Confutatis maledictus;" Chorus, "Lacrymosa dies illa;" Quartet, Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Julia Elton, Herr Gunz, and Mr. Santley, "Benedictus;" Chorus, "Agnus Dei;" Solo, Mlle. Tietjens, "Lux Eterna;" Chorus, "Cum Sancta." Then, to take off, we presume, the effect of the "Requiem;" Song ("Samson"), "Let the bright Seraphim" (Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper), Mlle. Tietjens, Handel; Chorus, "Let their Celestial Concerts," Handel; Duet, "Children, pray, this love to cherish," Miss Eleonora Wilkinson and Mr. W. H. Cummings, Spohr; Selection from the "Mount of Olives;" Trio, "The hour of vengeance," Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, Beethoven; Chorus and Solos, "Haste, arise," Beethoven; Chorus, "Hallelujah," Beethoven.

Notwithstanding the protracted performance of the Morning in the Cathedral, the nobility and gentry of the county flowed into the Shire Hall for the entertainment of the evening, and were supported by an unusually large attendance of the professional and trade life in the old city. The *habitués* of the London Philharmonic and other Concerts looked with dismay on the programme. The experienced *virtuosi* were pitiously tender towards the hard worked conductor whose duty it was to wade through huge slices from Haydn's "Seasons," and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," besides selections from Verdi, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Gounod, Felicien David, and other prominent music makers of our day and generation.

The feature of the evening was Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto played by the Goddard-Davison. It was well done on all sides. Blagrove conducted.

Third and Fourth Days. A feeling of satisfaction

pervaded the audience at the third morning's performance, for the "selection" days were over, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given, exactly as the composer wrote it. The part of the Prophet was sung throughout by Mr. Santley; but the usual division, in defiance of Mendelssohn's intention, took place with the other characters. Madame Rudersdorff and Mlle. Tietjens divided the principal soprano music, Mr. Cummings and Dr. Gunz the tenor, and Miss E. Wilkinson and Julia Elton the contralto. We have seldom heard Madame Rudersdorff to greater advantage than in the music of the widow. The recitative, air and duet, commencing "What have I to do with thee," was given with an intensity of feeling better than all the exaggeration of voice and style which she mistook for power on the preceding day; and the burst of gratitude, "The Lord hath heard thy prayer," spoke deeply to the heart of all her hearers. Miss Eleonora Wilkinson had a thankless task in singing the air "Woe unto them," (the contralto and tenor controversy still ranking in the minds of the audience), but she gave the beautiful strain with genuine feeling, and produced a marked effect upon her listeners. Mr. Cummings sang with his usual earnestness, but of course suffered from the same cause, creating an amount of nervousness which he in vain attempted to conceal. The noble choruses of the first part went extremely well; but the wonderful effect of the concluding choral thanksgiving, "Thanks be to God"—one of the greatest climaxes in the whole range of sacred music—was sadly marred by the usual struggle of the impatient audience to leave the Cathedral, the example, we regret to say, being set by those highest in authority. If this great culminating point of the work were disregarded on its own account, surely the grand chorus, "Thanks be to God," might have been looked upon as a choral "grace before meat," and treated accordingly with no more than the usual amount of gentle impatience. In the second part, Mlle. Tietjens gave the air, "Hear ye, Israel," with the utmost delicacy and purity of expression, and in the concerted music gave life to every phrase. The trio, "Lift thine eyes," which was entrusted to Mlle. Tietjens, Mrs. J. K. Pyne and Miss Julia Elton, afforded proof to all who doubt that to make a trio go well it is necessary to have three competent singers. Anything so unutterably bad as the execution of this beautiful terzetto we have rarely heard in public. To say nothing of the second voice being scarcely audible in the harmony, the important syncopated part which occurs as a solo on the words, "Thy help cometh," if given at all, was so feebly sung that the others could scarcely support their parts, and the result was dire confusion. After this failure we were pleased to find Miss Elton sing "O rest in the Lord" so well as to prove to the audience that the fault did not rest with her. It is almost unnecessary to say that Mr. Santley sang most admirably throughout the Oratorio; and so thoroughly did he win the good opinion of the audience, that we have little doubt that a future Gloucester Festival will scarcely be considered complete without him. The choruses in the second part, although occasionally betraying the want of due rehearsal, were generally well given; and on the whole, Mendelssohn's great work, in spite of the drawbacks which we have freely mentioned, was exceedingly well rendered.

The fourth and last morning's performance of the Festival was devoted to the *Messiah*, and every available seat in the Cathedral was occupied at an early hour. Indeed a number of chairs, for which ladies had zealously battled on the previous days, and which were specially reserved for Stewards, who never came, were on this occasion sold to satisfy the excessive demand. We can have little to say on a work every note of which is familiar to all lovers of sacred music; and even, we may add, to many who, knowing little of other Oratorios, consider a periodical hearing of Handel's sublime composition as a sacred duty. Mlle. Tietjens gave the airs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "How beautiful are the feet," in her very best style; Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Julia Elton, and Mr. Cummings acquitted themselves in all their solos extremely well; and Madame Rudersdorff would have sung the air, "But thou didst not leave," in a manner to satisfy the most exacting Handel lover, had it not been for an unfortunate shake at the conclusion, which, even if well executed, would have been utterly out of place. Dr. Gunz, as might be expected, did not please his audience in the opening recitative and air, "Comfort ye," and "Every valley; and indeed it appeared that Handel's music suited him less than any which had fallen to his share during the Festival. Mr. Lewis Thomas again was extremely effective in his solos, especially in the energetic air, "Why do the nations," which is admirably suited to his voice and style. The choruses were firmly and correctly given throughout; "For unto us a child is born," and the "Hallelujah," producing

even more than their usual effect upon the audience.

We have said nothing of the orchestra during these performances, for in truth the perfect manner in which the whole of the instrumental portions of the works were performed, left us nothing to comment upon. The band, indeed, comprising the oldest and most accomplished artists in the metropolis, proved the very best friends of the conductor, a fact which he tacitly admitted by occasionally laying down his *bâton*, and becoming an attentive and admiring auditor. We may also here say that Mr. Townshend Smith, organist of Hereford Cathedral, presided at Mr. Willis's new organ during the Festival, with his usual well-known ability.

The last concert on Thursday evening, although, as usual, too long, was remarkable, if only for the artistic performance of Mr. Blagrove in Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for the Violin, and Mlle. Tietjens' splendid singing in the finale to Mendelssohn's unfinished opera of *Lorely*, which, had she been better supported by the chorus, would have been the great feature of the evening. Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8) would have been well performed by the orchestra had not Dr. Wesley pertinaciously insisted upon dragging all the *tempi*, so that the composer's intention was utterly destroyed. It would have been better had he resigned his post to Mr. Blagrove, as he did during Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto on the preceding evening, when all the movements were taken at the proper pace, the last especially being dashed off at a speed which would have driven the Conductor wild. We must not omit to mention Miss Louisa Pyne's very fine interpretation of the *scena* from Wallace's *Lurline*, in which occurs the well-known "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," nor Mr. Santley's singing of the couplets, "Se l'arlesse son Regine," from *Mirella*, both of which were received with the utmost applause, the first gaining a well-merited *encore*. Madame Rudersdorff's version of "Robert toi que j'aime" was so exaggerated as to create wonder that she could so successfully restrain her natural tendency in *Elijah* and the *Messiah*; and the *Adelaida* of Dr. Gunz, tamely accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Done, failed to arouse the audience to anything like enthusiasm. With the National Anthem, the solos of which were taken by Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Santley, and Madame Rudersdorff, the Gloucester Meeting of 1865 came to a conclusion; the artists as they left the room, soon to be dispersed in opposite directions, seemed to linger as if to bid farewell to the many friends who had accompanied and encouraged them through their arduous duties; and in a short time utter darkness reigned in the building which for three nights had been the centre of attraction, even to those who were not fortunate enough to gain admittance.—*Novello's Mus. Times.*

PARIS. How the season has opened may appear from a few scraps from foreign musical journals.

The Théâtre-Lyrique has re-opened with the *Flûte Enchantée*, the cast precisely as before. Were I writing for a Parisian paper it would be nothing short of high treason in me to utter a syllable in dispraise of that vocal marvel of the French capital, Madame Miolan Carvalho! I admire the name vastly—Miolan Carvalho!—You can fancy a French breeze blowing softly over an Italian lake! Unfortunately, however, names do not make singers, and the admirable *sposa* of the director of the Théâtre-Lyrique is, in my humble opinion, one of the most overrated songstresses in Europe, and these are plentiful nowadays. Mlle. Nilsson has natural qualities far above Madame Carvalho, but she wants much teaching and does not seem to me to improve. She sings the two airs of the Queen of Night in some respects even more brilliantly and perfectly than Murska, but Murska's power, Murska's passion and Murska's intensity are nowhere to be found in the Swedish *Astrafantante*. Mlle. Nilsson, I hear, is undergoing instructions from Madame Carvalho. I cannot congratulate the young lady. *Rigoletto* followed Mozart's opera, Mlle. de Maesen, MM. Monjaune and Ismael sustaining the principal characters.

At the Opera the "Africaine" still holds its place on the bills, and still draws good houses; the average receipts for the first fifty nights being 12,000f. (£480). I hear of three new engagements: Mlles. Block (contralto) and Mauduit (forte chanteuse), and M. Ponsard (basse noble). The new comers are *laureats* of this year's Concours. "La Muette" is announced for this evening.

The managers of the Opera Comique have also made several new engagements; the names of Mlle. Roze, Gontie, Cadet, Sereste, and M. Leroy, being added to the list of the troupe. A capital baritone from Lyons, M. Melchissédéc, made a very good debut in "Le Tondeur." "Marie" (lately noticed in these columns), was the piece chosen for the first appearance of Mlles. Roze and Gontie and M.

Leroy. Of the three new comers Mlle. Rose is said to be the most promising. Grisar's best opera, "*Les Porcherons*," has been revived with much success. It deserves a special letter, and I will give you an account of it in my next. I forget whether I mentioned the death of Gourdin, the basso-cantante. He was very intelligent, and "created" some good parts, among others, that of *Lambro*, in "*Lara*," and *Paroles*, in "*Le Saphir*." The rehearsals of M. Victor Massé's "*Fior d'Aliza*" are progressing, and I hear of a new opera by M. Bazin.

The Theatre Italien is announced to open on the first or third of October. Mmes. Patti, Vitali, Lagrange, Penco, Galetti, Vestri, MM. Fraschini, Brignoli, Nicolini, Delle Sedie, Graziani, Scalse, Zucchini, Santley?, Selva and Agnési are said to be engaged. M. Lablache quits the stage menagement. M. *** (no one can either write or pronounce his name) will be the conductor *vice* Arditi. I strongly recommend this gentleman to follow the example of a former *chef* at the opera, whose name was Scheitzenhöfer, and had it printed on his cards with the words "*prononcez Bertrand*" underneath. I hear there were some difficulties with the old members of the orchestra, but they were settled "*à l'amiable*," and everything will, I trust, go on smoothly. The repertoire contains forty-four works, and ballet will again be tried.

I made an attempt the other evening to sit out the *Dame Blanche*—one of the operas of my predilection—at the Opéra-Comique, where it has been reprised for M. Achard and Mlle. Cico, and, though I was unable to remain to the end, contrived to stay and hear the finale to the second act, a piece of music in my opinion worthy of Mozart. The opera, as far as I heard, was well done, though I have heard singers and band do better. I made another raid at the Opéra soon after, and heard the second act of *Masaniello*—more properly *La Muette de Portici*—but was not greatly impressed by M. Villaret's fisherman, or by M. Cazaux's Pietro. I was sorry I could not attend the Théâtre-Lyrique on the night of the reproduction of *La Reine Topaze*, not because I care greatly for the music, or for Madame Carvalho's acting or singing, but because so many of the Parisian journals have turned such lively summersaults in praise of composer and artist that it is certain I lost a sensation one way or the other. Of course the second night of a *reprise* is out of the question.

M. Victor Massé's new opera, *Fior d'Aliza* is in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique. The difficulty which has hitherto prevented all idea of its production has been settled. An interpreter for the heroine—a part of the last importance, requiring grand singing, grand acting, grand appearance, grand everything—has been most fortunately discovered in little Madame Vandenheuvel-Duprez, who, we must suppose, by some extraordinary bequest or supernal endowment, has suddenly become possessed of the requisite qualities.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 14, 1865.

Concerts.—Mlle. Parepa.

Through the arrival of Mr. Bateman, with his admirable group of concert artists, our musical season has opened with artistic interest and dignity, at the same time gratifying the larger public, creating a "sensation," and crowding the great Music Hall night after night—six times already in the past two weeks. They have seemed like European concerts; a certain air of fine artistic arrangement and completeness has pervaded them; really good music, in a great variety of schools, has with comparatively few exceptions been the rule in the making up of programmes; always at least enough of the classical and genial to ensure a pleasant evening to the most cultivated listener, while the perfection of execution in nearly every particular made all pass off agreeably. We commonly see with dread, or with indifference, announcements of prima donnas or virtuosos going about to give miscellaneous concerts, small parties where the whole interest lies in one central figure, and all the rest is cheaply,

slightly put together just to show off the star. But these have been real concerts. The prima donna does not appear bereft of musical atmosphere and background; there is an orchestra. The attendant minor stars, the young violinist and pianist, are also artists in the true sense of the word, classical artists, and before an artistic audience, out of the general crowd, would shine with no secondary lustre. They play from the best classics of their instruments, also with orchestral accompaniment. And then the orchestra each evening has given us two good overtures. That makes a concert—all being so well planned and, as we shall see, so admirably done.

The combination of artists is rare: a richly endowed, consummate singer, fairly ranking among the great ones, if not thus far so renowned, for great she is in a remarkable variety of styles; a pianist, who is a true artist; a young violinist, also a true artist, and possibly a genius—both excellent specimens of the best Leipsic culture; and later, as if this were not enough, a great curiosity in the shape of a cornet-player; this last for popularity, in which respect, at least while the novelty lasts, it may be expected to beat all.

As for Mlle. PAREPA, her only danger in coming here would seem to have lain in the extravagant laudations of the New York press and in "stunning" announcements. For we were called upon to prepare to hear not only a great, but the greatest singer of the present day, the greatest ever heard in this country,—with only the possible exception of the Lind. The wonder is that the lady charmed from the first moment and continues to charm in spite of all this. Greatest or not, here is a live artistic fact which can bear to be over-praised and not lose its interest. We think the substantial truth is said about her, temperately, with discriminating insight, by our New York correspondent in the last number. She is a most accomplished, noble singer, equal in voice and art to every service whether of concert, oratorio, and even opera, although the dramatic element can hardly be her forte. The most serviceable of singers for all important work in the concert season of a musical metropolis. And this is the position which she held in London, when we heard her there in the summer and fall of 1861; always singing, now at a Philharmonic concert, now at Alfred Mellon's concerts, now in Oratorio, and again in English opera; always applauded, always praised, but at that time not the theme of excitement, not the musical topic, as compared with Tietjens, Patti, or Sims Reeves, the tenor, or Santley, the new baritone, or Mme. Goldschmidt, of course, who just at that time stepped out of her retirement and sang all the soprano music of *Elijah* with all her electric power of soul and genius. It must be that Mlle. Parepa has gained greatly both in voice and art since then; for she by no means made so great an impression on us as she does now. We can remember to have thought her a fine singer, but, no after-vibration of it remained in our mind. She has been singing all the time since in England, always with praise, but still we do not find the musical journals making her the topic, or indulging in that chronic enthusiasm about her, which they discourse month after month, and year after year, by columns, about Grisi, Tietjens, Patti, and so many reigning favorites; nor, though she is one of the ablest of oratorio singers, do we hear of her at the Birmingham Festival, for the last six

years at least. We seriously suspect that she has not been appreciated at her full worth in England; it was perhaps necessary to come abroad to get full recognition: let us try to give it intelligently and heartily, but let us not be in haste to overdo, ruining the force of all our praise by the readiness with which we forget what art, what genius in song has visited our shores and thrilled our hearts before. Have we not had Lind, and Sontag, and Lagrange, and Bosio, and Albini, and do we remember anything of their expression, of the flavor of their voices, of the heart and soul experience they gave us? One would think that it was nought, had all vanished utterly, to read the papers now. The evil of this overpraise is, that it disturbs the relation between the sincere appreciative hearer and the artist; it makes it awkward to express the real homage which one does feel; there is an organized army as it were standing over you putting to your lips the oath of loyalty in such superlative terms that you tremble for the modesty of your own soul if you take it. Now we do not profess to have arrived at a final judgment about the Parepa as compared with other great singers, nor do we think there is any need to be in haste about that. We are content to enjoy and admire; and as for the quality of the enjoyment, the extent and limits of the admiration, and the grounds thereof, we perhaps can best show it in a series of passing notes upon the concerts.

But first let us say, that we regard the excellence of the concerts as *concerts* as a musical fact of paramount importance to the singer or any individual artist engaged therein; and this excellence in the case of these Bateman concerts (in the main) it is a great pleasure to us to be able to admit at the outset.

I. *Wednesday Evening, Oct. 4.* The Music Hall was filled with a most eager audience, including most of the intelligent music lovers. Intrinsically the programme was inferior to any which have followed. Parepa's selections were not of high artistic character, but rather sensational, show pieces. The purpose plainly was to introduce to a new public the remarkable qualities of her vocal instrument and the rare skill with which she could use it, her sound honest school of singing, and her capital outfit, physical and mental, for all the simple and the trying tasks of song. In this sense the hacknied *Ernani*, *involami*—an effect piece, to be sure, but one of the felicities of Verdi—was a good thing to begin with. Musical feeling apart, it was like a prelude on an instrument, trying its whole compass and exhibiting its means of musical expression. It revealed a voice of rare power and volume, most evenly developed throughout an uncommon range, equally firm, sonorous and musical in the contralto region and in the tones in *alt*, up to E flat, suggesting tone in reserve above that, say enough for Mozart's Queen of Night. The reach and volume of the voice was great, filling the great hall with utmost ease, no straining ever perceptible. The tones are all round, clear and sweet, without being particularly sympathetic; they please, rather than touch the heart; the quality is not searching in a fine spiritual sense, not the quality that haunts the soul long afterwards and seems to play a providential part in its own destiny. The style was faultless, admirable, noble; the school, the best. It was large, generous, copious, splendid singing; it sustains itself marvellously, whether on a single tone, swelling, diminishing, modulating, shading, brightening with consummate art, or through the symmetric flight of a whole long trying piece, or through an indefinite length and variety of work. The execution, whether *cantabile*, declamatory or florid was all faultless, too,

unless we take exception to a somewhat coarse and throaty kind of *trill*, making the plentiful use of that figure rather a blemish than a beauty on so fair a whole. Impossible to deny, too, a clear and sure intelligence pervading all her song, and a good-natured, frank and hearty quality which the eye catches at the same time in her good pleasant English face. Whether the intelligence have any touch of poetic imagination or of genius in it, whether the hearty expression betray finer depths of spirituality (qualities which, be it remembered, we were all too happy to ascribe to the Linds and Bosios and Sontags), probably came up with most people only as an after-question, the day after the concert, if it came at all, and is not a question which we need be deciding yet. Certainly we never have heard the *Ernani* piece so well sung.

The second piece, "Nightingale's Trill," by one Ganz, is a mere show-piece, a trifle except as a task of technical execution; plainly done to order to offset the Lind echoes. Said echoes were beautifully made, in tones perhaps as clear and silvery as Lind's, and all the runs and flourishes were liquid, bright and bird-like, delighting the audience. Of the *trills* we have anticipated what we might here say. The Serenade by Gounod, a *Barcarole* in rhythm, a charming tender melody, charmingly put together with violin and piano parts, so as to make a graceful trio, exhibited to fine advantage what we think the greatest beauty of her singing, her *sotto voce*. This was indeed lovely, and came nearer to the heart than anything that she has sung. The everlasting *Il Bacio*, a vulgar dish for an artistic feast, of course "drew the house down," given with such fluent ease, abandon and sensuous tone beauty.

So far so good—one only longed for better music; but that was in a measure furnished by the other artists. Mr. DANNREUTHER (formerly of Cincinnati, a distinguished pupil at the Leipzig Conservatoire—we well remember meeting him, and Rosa too, at the house of Moscheles four years ago, and the interest which the old professor took in him—for a year past taking a high stand in the concert life of London) is a classical pianist, who unites good school, rare technical ability, taste, refinement and intelligence, in an artist-like pursuit of an ideal worthy of an artist. He compares well with the best pianists we have had in this country; a little cold perhaps, lacking the fine imaginative charm of Dresel, and the dash (which is no matter) of the Satters, Gottschalks, Wehlis, *et id genus omne*. We can agree with "Lancelor" that he has a particularly good touch and conception for Chopin; his rendering of the well known Andante and Finale of the F-minor Concerto was highly satisfactory and won the respect of the right kind of listeners. That *Rigoletto* Fantasia (though it has for subject about the piece of writing that we know of Verdi's, the quartet), struck us as one of Liszt's weaker efforts in that kind. In the Gounod Serenade he showed fine instinct as an accompanist; there was as much expression in those chords, almost, as in the singer's part. An unaffected, quiet, gentlemanly manner, albeit a little stiff, and a look of mind and culture, bespoke favor at the outset.

The young violinist, CARL ROSE, had not the opportunity to show himself in the music which he most loves (Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c.). He began with the well-known *Polonaise* by Viouxtemps, excellent in its way; he began too, as he has gone on through several concerts, sick and weak from want of food and sleep; yet he at once showed a finer musical feeling than any of the party, with a touch of something very near to genius, if not that. We could at once credit the report that Joachim, of whom he alone has ever yet reminded us, had predicted a fine future for him. He has the qualities which, when matured and more amply seconded by manly physical growth, make the great violinist. His tone is most beautiful; refined, pure, soul-like. His style and execution, learned under the Leipzig David, and further inspired by intercourse with Joachim, are thoroughly artistic, free from nonsense and exaggeration; there is no cltrap about it; it is all music, that goes to the heart and wakes the imagination. The only want, that in which we miss Joachim, is robust strength, the broad, large tone and the imperial accent, which can assert its presence even in our great Music Hall, and bring even Bach's

music home to such a multitude. Not that his tone is weak or thin, nor that he lacks energetic vital accent and power of sustained delivery; only the refinement, the delicacy, the purity are the prominent qualities, so far as these can be prominent. Yet how surely and quietly he won his way to all hearts! (He seems to have been overlooked in New York—Dannreuther too—as if such artists were mere foils to a singer!).

Feeling—this is the main characteristic of his playing; and it was in such refreshing contrast to most of the solo violin playing we have been accustomed to, which, when it lays itself out on *feeling*, makes you squirm at the sentimental overdoing of the thing. In Rosa it its real feeling, unspoiled, fresh, ingenious, as his own nature which you read in his youthful and ingenuous face, his self-forgetting, awkward, honest bearing, absorbed wholly in his art, or rather in the ideal which he would express by it. We regard it as the most interesting arrival on our concert stage for many years. He was enthusiastically recalled; and afterwards in De Beriot's *Fantasia de Ballet*, and the graceful intertwining of his violin passages with the voice in the Serenade, he won still deeper hold upon his public. The weakest point of the concerts is the orchestra, for want of numbers, owing to the unfortunate pre-occupation of our musicians in the theatres. Still a goodly number of our best artists, including the Quintette Club, the Sucks, and a good bassoon and oboe from New York, manage to accompany the vocal pieces and concerts very passably under the excellent lead of THEODORE THOMAS of New York, as well as to play a very good choice of overtures. The first of these was new to us, and interesting as being of a good solid musician-like old school, which was as good as new to our public; it was by the old Schneider, who wrote the oratorios, and although a little respectably tedious in some of its repetition and development, had some nice points, especially a pleasing second subject. The second overture was Flotow's *Stradella*.

II. *Thursday, 5th.* It was already established that we were to hear better singing than has been heard in Boston for a good many years. This time a somewhat better style of music was given. After Rossini's bright and ever fresh *La Gazza Lutra* overture, and the Viouxtemps *Polonaise* again had been played, Mlle. PAREFA sang Handel's "From mighty Kings," with preceding recitative, from *Judas Maccabeus*. This was just the music for her; for that lofty vein of Handel, which has in it more of his strength and triumph, more of the heroic, than of the spiritual or tender, we know no more effective singer. It was all large, dignified and telling, and made us long for such a singer in our oratorios; it was eloquent music, far-reaching over the crowd, every word and syllable carrying its just, full force. The "Shadow Song" from *Diogenes* was in wide contrast, but she gave all the airy grace and sentiment and echo of the romantic melody as we have by no means heard it done before; and before hearing you would almost as soon think of her undertaking the shadow dance. The Gounod Serenade again, with the same charm. Another of the Ganz productions, "Sing, birdie, sing," proved very popular, and indeed her voice and manner are very taking in English ballads, flat as many of these ballads are, particularly one (sung as an *en-core*), which comes under the *Orchestra's* category of the "Horological School," called "Five o'clock in the Morning" (see article on a preceding page).

Herr ROSA (so spelt phonetically; he is not Italian, but German, and his name is properly *Rose*, two syllables), played for a second piece the *Elegie* by Ernst; a beautiful, sustained, chaste rendering, full of feeling; we have heard it given with more force and breadth, but never more artistically; it was listened to with breathless interest. Mr. DANNREUTHER played the first movement of Beethoven's C-minor Concerto, which it is a privilege to hear at any time; pity we could not have the whole. He played it finely, making admirable effect in the long and well-contrived *Cadenza*; we could only wish that for once he might play it on a Chickering piano, which to our ear responds more musically than the Steinway in strong passages. He did not seem to us to have caught the spirit and accent of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," though the fingers ran so fleetly through it.—Nicolai's "Merry Wives" overture opened the second part, and all the concerts have closed with a March.

III. *Saturday.*—The overtures were Anher's for the Crystal Palace, new and interesting, and *Martha*. Dannreuther and Rosa played a charming *Adagio and Rondo Zingarese* from Haydn's Sonata Duo in G, originally a Trio, which Mme. Schumann and Joachim are so fond of playing; it was an artistic gem in the rendering. Rosa played nothing new, except a little *en-core* piece in the *altissimo* octave; but the pianist confirmed his good classical impression in the B-minor *Capriccio* of Mendelssohn. Mme. Parepa sang the great *Freyshutz* Scene finely, especially the brilliant close; but the Prayer has often touched our feelings more; we had rather hear sympathetic little Frederici sing that. On the other hand, another night, she gave the other great Weber Scene: "Ocean," from *Oberon*, magnificently. The other pieces were *Il Bacio* again, and ballads.

IV. *Sunday Evening.* This was the great concert of the six, if only for Rosa's playing of the Bach *Chaconne*—without accompaniment, as we have heard Joachim play it; the greatest of all violin solos, full of beauty and of meaning, and the best of all Rosa's performances so far. It was too good for the multitude and yet made great impression and was heartily and long applauded. The *Adagio and Finale* from the Kreutzer Sonata was a great success on both parts. Thoroughly, artistic sparkling little gems were the Harpsichord Lesson by Scarlatti and the Bach Fugue in D (from *Well-temp. Clav.*) in which Dannreuther was very happy. The *Adagio Religioso* by Boit, which Rosa played with Organ accompaniment, we found rather tame. Mlle. PAREFA was truly the great Oratorio singer in three of the noblest pieces: "With Verdure Clad," delightfully even, pure and graceful; "If guiltless blood," from Handel's *Susannah*, first time in this country, which we think on the whole her greatest piece; we knew not which most to admire, the splendid declamation and Handelian fire of the first part, or the large, rich, sustained *cantabile* of the more deep and quiet second part, on the theme "Thy will be done." It was noble Handelian interpretation. "I know that my Redeemer" was also very admirable, and had one fine moment that was like inspiration; but more than one singer has touched the heart more in that holy song. Gounod's *Ave Maria*, a melody put upon Bach's first little Prelude, which was played by Dannreuther, Mr. WILLCOX filling in a most effective background from the Organ, might be called a perfect rendering.

—Unwillingly we must stop here, having no room for the good things of succeeding concerts, not even for the famous cornet-player, Mr. LEVY, who of course created a *furor*, of that kind which is no good condition for a fine-strung classical violinist to follow in the wake of. More hereafter. Meanwhile read what Marx says of Cornets and the modern *soft brass* instruments near the close of the translation in an earlier part of the paper.

The last PAREFA Concert, for the present, is to-night. To-morrow evening the great singer lends her aid to the Handel and Haydn Society in a single Oratorio performance: "The Creation."

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY commence their grand series with *Judas Maccabeus* on Nov. 16, to be followed some time later by the *Messiah*, *St. Paul*, &c.

The Sunday Evening Concerts at the Boston Theatre have wisely dropped the term "Sacred," while the last programme was made less trivially secular by the introduction of parts of Beethoven's 5th and 8th Symphonies, and a Mozart Concerto by Mr. Wehli, although the "left hand" played "Sweet Home" by request.

MILWAUKEE, OCT. 7.—The 149th concert by our Musical Society opened the "Season" here last evening, and was listened to by a good house, thanks to the fine weather, and Prof. Abel's efforts. The programme was an excellent one, embracing several novelties in the shape of Flotow's "Jubel" overture, a male chorus, "Scotland's Tears," and Mendelssohn's "Capriccio" in B minor, for piano, with orchestra accompaniment. The latter piece was well received by the audience, and the young pianist is evidently becoming a favorite here. The orchestra gave evidence of careful training, in the performance of the overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and will now compare favorably with any in the West, in point of numbers as well as efficiency. The Society are now rehearsing an act or two from "Faust," which will probably be presented at their next public performance, the 150th concert. Owing to the active interest now taken by the public in the affairs of this institution, and the personal efforts of its managers, it is, financially speaking, in a flourishing condition, and will soon, I hope, give us something in the way of public performances worthy of its former reputation. TENOR.

PORTLAND, ME. An Organ and Vocal Concert was given on the 19th ult. at the Universalist Church in Congress Square. The occasion was the opening of a fine new organ, of 54 stops and 3,000 pipes, built by Hall and Lebaugh. The organists were Mr. John K. Paine (himself a native of Portland,) Mr. Newton Fitz, and Mr. M. C. Milliken. Mrs. Newton Fitz, late of Mobile, was the vocalist. The concert began with an Ode: "Praise him with the Organ," sung to the tune of "Nuremberg," the audience joining in the chorus. Mr. Paine played Bach's Toccata in F, Ritter's E-minor Sonata, Kulak's *Pastorale*, his own "Religious Offering" (which certainly is more religious than most of the French *Offertoires*), closing the concert with an improvisation and variations on the "Star-spangled Banner." Mr. Milliken's contribution was a *Postludium* by Rink. Mr. Fitz's part is not named in the programme; we presume he accompanied Mrs. Fitz, who sang a Recitative and Air: "Beneath the ramparts," by Concone, "With verdure clad," and Rossini's *Inflammatus*. The Quartet also from the same *Stabat Mater* was sung.

WORCESTER, MASS. We take the following from the *Palladium*:

CONCERT. The performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, by the Hamilton Club, on the 29th inst., was an occasion of much interest to the seven or eight hundred people who seem to represent the really musical portion of our community. A larger audience might have been expected, but the performers abated not a jot of interest in their work on that account, but did their best for the most part, entering into the performance with commendable zeal. Some of the choruses were exceedingly well sung, while in others there was a little hesitation and timidity, as in the chorus supporting Mr. Wilder's bass solo. The quartets were well given, and the solos were, on the whole, well sustained, with the exception of that want of artistic expression which is rarely found among amateurs. The duet, "*Quis est homo*," was smoothly sung; and in "*Fac ut portem*," Miss McFarland, a very promising soprano, received an enthusiastic encore. The "*Inflammatus*," finely sung by Mrs. Allen and the Club, was also encored. Mr. Allen's organ accompaniments were in excellent taste, rich and varied, and at times almost orchestral in effect. Mrs. Hammond was reliable and efficient as usual at the piano, and under Mr. Hamilton's conductorship, this first performance of *Stabat Mater* met with warm favor from an audience unusually appreciative.

The first part of the programme was filled by miscellaneous selections, opening with Handel's "Overture to Samson," to which Mr. Allen's playing lent the finest effect. In this performance, and in that of Battiste's "Offertoire in D,"—"St. Cecilia," it was gratifying to notice how, in less than a twelve-month, the Organ has found a player with touch so firm and true, with so large knowledge of its resources. His playing recalled some of the very best that we have had upon the instrument. Between these organ performances, Miss Childs and Mr. Richards sang "*O sponse mi*," with excellent success. There was not only good execution, but something of that magnetic power which every singer should exert upon his audience. Among the best performances of the evening was Mrs. Doane's singing of Cherubini's *Ave Maria*. We have rarely heard it sung so well; with such feeling, such comprehension of its spirit.

Two years ago the Club performed Handel's "*Acis and Galatea*."

Worcester, for an inland town, is rich in musical societies, and it is to their credit that they devote themselves to such good music, as appears by the following in the *Daily Spy*:

The Mozart Society have selected for practice the coming season, "Mendelssohn's great work 'Elijah.'" Washburn Hall has been secured for rehearsals, which occur on Monday evening of each week, commencing Monday, October 2d. Rumor has it that Mr. Edward Hamilton is to return to his old position as conductor, and Mr. B. D. Allen to that of accompanist to the society; this proving true, we predict a very successful season.

The Beethoven Society are, we understand, to take up Mendelssohn's famous oratorio of "St. Paul." A difference of opinion exists among musicians with regard to the comparative merits of these two oratorios, some preferring "Elijah," others "St. Paul," none disputing, however, the great beauty, sublimity and grandeur of each.

Sons of Temperance Hall has been engaged by the Beethoven Society, for rehearsals, which, commencing on Wednesday evening, October 5th, continue

on successive Mondays during the season. With Mr. Sumner as conductor, Master G. Willie Sumner as accompanist, and an effective orchestra, the society cannot fail of having a pleasant and profitable term.

OPERA IN BUFFALO.—Max Strakosch announces that he will be in Buffalo, October 16th, and will give four representations of Italian Opera at St. James Hall. The company comprises Mmes. Ghioni and Strakosch; Mlle. Canissa, Signors Maccaferri and Tamaro, tenors; Mancusi, baritone; Susini, basso; with a complete chorus and orchestra. Max Strakosch is the Impresario. Signor Rosa is the conductor and Herr Zitterbart the leader. One dollar is to be the admission fee. After leaving here they go to Toronto, C. W., Milwaukee, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, and New Orleans.

None of this company rank as first-class artists, but an enjoyable season may be expected. They will probably give *Trocatore* and perhaps *Ermani*.—*Comm. Adv.*

HARTFORD, CONN. The Choral Union will give Beethoven's Mass in C, with orchestra, during the winter. The Beethoven Society will give "Eli."

Mr. W. EUGENE THAYER, who has so distinguished himself among the organists, has sailed for Europe. His plan is to pass the winter in Berlin, and then fill out the remainder of a year in making the acquaintance of the principal organs and organists of Europe.

Mme. Van Zandt, of New York, who sang so charmingly at our Handel and Haydn Festival, has gone to Italy and France to complete her studies and her preparation for the opera.

We are happy to refer to ALBERT M. WHITNEY's advertisement, who, having been a successful teacher for fifteen years, has lately returned from his studies in Europe, and offers himself to teach the pianoforte and Harmony.

Mr. J. K. PAINE's Mass, composed for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, is to be published in New York.

Mme. GAZZANIGA, of whom our opera-goers have pleasant memories, particularly in the rôle of *Sappho*, is engaged by Grau for his operatic tour in the Western cities, where she is to take the principal lady's part in *L'Africaine*.

"MUSICAL POPULARITY" is the fitting title of the following article in the *Transcript*, summing up the services of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club:

Very few of our readers, even those the most musical, form an idea of the activity and enterprise displayed by the above-named highly popular Club in the number of engagements performed by them in a single season. On looking over a statement furnished us by the secretary, we are truly surprised to learn that during the past season, from October, 1864, to October, 1865, the Club have travelled over ten thousand miles, and yet they have been out of New England but once, and then as far as Albany only. They have performed in two hundred and three concerts, and fulfilled other engagements. Of that large number of concerts, but four were given by the Club in Boston. It is evident, therefore, that they have been doing on a large scale the work of musical missionaries; enlightening our country brethren in the knowledge of music as an art.

Concerts of course form the majority of the engagements, yet their services are constantly in demand for other purposes such as playing before Lyceums, Parlor Concerts, Levees, College exercises and the like. Musical Conventions enter very largely into their work. Indeed, wherever music of an elevating character is required, there they may be found, either as a club alone or forming the nucleus of larger organizations. In this manner have they labored for seventeen years. We may safely surmise that the benefit done our musical communities by their efforts is almost incalculable.

If we add to their more public employments, as given above, the amount of time spent in their individual capacities as teachers, and also the many hours necessarily given to rehearsals and private studies, we may conclude that there are few busier citizens to be found in any community than the highly prized artists of the Quintette Club. Boston or any other city may well be proud of them. Indeed, a season passed by without their choice concerts, would now, to a very large number, be felt as a public loss. However, as we do not apprehend being called on to record such a fact, we will close by expressing the hope for a continuance of the popularity which the Club has earned, not less by their merit as true artists than by their conduct as gentlemen.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sing, Birdie, sing. W. Ganz. 50

One of Mlle Parepa's effective songs. It at first seems nothing but a simple ballad, but the ingenious changes introduced in the bird's song, give it a higher character. While any one can sing it, one should copy Parepa closely to give it full effect.

As the moon's pale-face. (Wie des Mondes abbild.) Song. R. Franz. 30

O wert thou in the cauld blast. (O, säh ich auf der Haide.) Song. R. Franz. 35

We have here two of Franz's exquisite pieces, the first a gem, with its own crisp beauty, and the second a new melodic rendering of Burns' words, which have been already gracefully set to music by Mendelssohn. Which of the two has done the best, it would be difficult to decide. But it is safe to say that they are both excellent, each in a different way.

Hear my prayer. Quartet. L. H. Southard. 30

Quartet choirs will do well to appropriate these compositions as they appear. They bear promise of great merit.

First Sorrow. (Erster Verlust.) Song. Mendelssohn. 30

O, tell me my heart. (O sage mein Herz.) Mendelssohn. 40

O, who can guess my emotions? (Es weiss und rüth es doch keiner.) Mendelssohn. 40

The enjoyment in playing and hearing these songs does not spring so much from a fine melody, as from the masterly workmanship displayed in the harmonious progression of melody and accompaniment, both together building up a rich structure of music. One would hardly sing such songs to an audience "that knew not Mendelssohn." But, played at home, one becomes more and more attached to them.

The Mountain Boy. Song. S. O. Spencer. 30

A resonant song, full of the clang and echo of mountain bugles.

Instrumental.

Les Sylphes des Bois. Caprice Feerique. (The Wood Nymphs.) J. Ascher. 1.00

An elaborate piece, difficult, but not extremely so, which would be appropriate for a concert or exhibition.

Harum scarum polka. J. P. Clarke. 30

Rattling "harum scarum," and brilliant.

Amorine. Bluettes a la Mazourka. Oesten. 40

Of medium difficulty, and in Oesten's graceful style.

Tyrolese melody. (Kinderständchen.) Oesten. 30

Gondolier's song. " " " 30

These pretty little pieces, with the other one of the set, mentioned in the last number, (Waltz song,) are especially commended to teachers. They are adapted to small hands, and contain no difficult runs, extensions, or springs. Yet Oesten has made them decidedly good pieces, not only for little players, but for more advanced pupils.

The Two Fairies. Transcription. C. Everest. 30

A good piece for learners, neatly arranged.

Florence Polka. W. J. Lemon. 35

Belvidere Schottische. " 30

L'Etoile de la Mer. (Star of the Sea.) Waltz. W. J. Lemon. 35

Three well constructed dances of about equal merit, They are easy, and sufficiently brilliant.

That Waltz. Lesta Vese. 40

By this singular title, which certainly is not like any other, is known a waltz of very convenient length, and quite lively and graceful.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

